

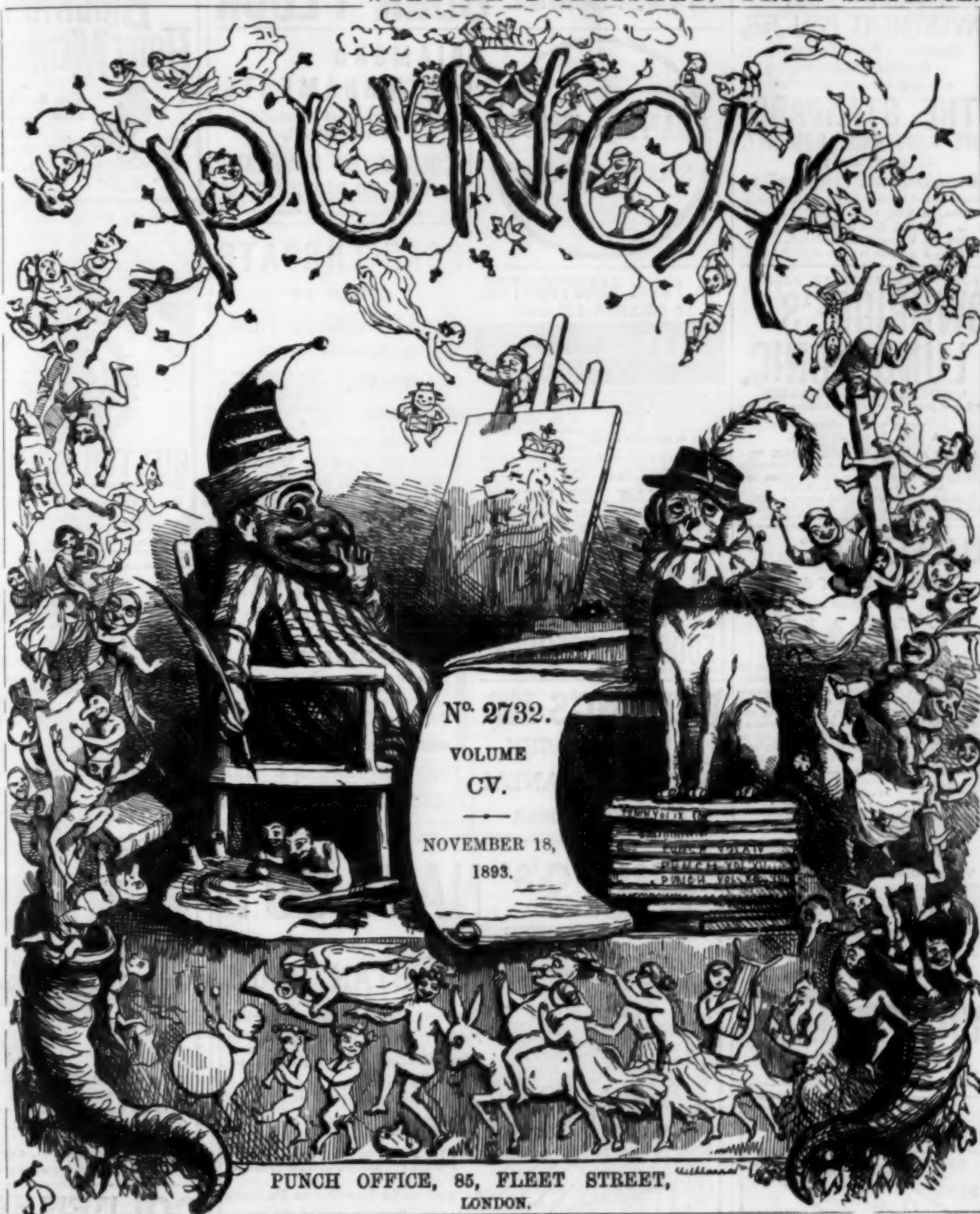
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"THE PAPER OF THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW."

[In one of the magazines an entire article has been transmitted to the office, not by the post, but by mental suggestion.—*News paragraph.*]

SCENE—Editor's Room of "The Mental Mirror of the Universe." TIME—An hour before publication. Editor and Chief-Sub. discovered in consultation.

Editor. Dear me, Mr. PAYSTE, this is very annoying! Debate on Africa in the House to-night, and our leader-writer has sent in no copy! Why did you not communicate with me?

Chief-Sub. Well, Sir, as you were dining with the Duke, I did not like to disturb you, especially as I had arranged matters. I have got some one else to knock off the article.

Ed. Very good, and where does it come from?

Chief-Sub. I turned on the mentophone and found Lord MACAULAY disengaged.

Ed. Of course he writes smartly enough, but I should have thought he was scarcely sufficiently well-up in the subject.

Chief-Sub. So he said, Sir: so we applied to Sir WALTER RALEIGH, who has sent in a good column.

Ed. His English, I am afraid, is a trifle old-fashioned.

Chief-Sub. Well, yes, Sir; a little. But I gave it to one of our subs. who has made black letter a study, and between them they have turned out a very decent leader. Sorry to say the wire has broken down between London and the seat of the war, so we have no despatches.

Ed. Distinctly annoying! How-



SANCTA SIMPLICITAS.

Housemaid. "WE'RE GETTING UP A SWEEPSTAKES, MRS. THRUFF. WON'T YOU JOIN?"

Housekeeper. "GRACIOUS ME, CHILD; NOT I! WHY IF I WON A HORSE I SHOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIM!"

ever, I think I can put myself in communication with our special. (*Takes a pen in his right hand, and commences writing.*) Well, what next?

Chief-Sub. But shall I not disturb you?

Ed. Not at all; my right hand is in sympathy with Lowenow, so I need not pay any attention to what he is sending us until he gets to the end of his copy. Everything else right?

Chief-Sub. I think I may venture to say "Yes," Sir. Mrs. COVESS, who does our reviews, has neglected to send in her stuff, but I have used the mentophone again in that case. Put on CHARLES LAMB. And I think that's all, save, as there is a letter about the authorship of *Hamlet*, I have got WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE to answer it himself. And now, Sir, I would suggest that, as we are rather full up this evening, you might conclude that dispatch as quickly as possible.

Ed. My hand has just done writing. (*Gives copy to Chief-Sub.*) Anything worth a line for the bill?

Chief-Sub. (*after perusal.*) Well, yes, Sir. I find there has been a battle, so we may as well give that.

Ed. Everything right now?

Chief-Sub. Everything, Sir.

Ed. Well, now you can send down the paper to press as soon as you please. (*Exit Chief-Sub. to carry out directions.*) Dear me! It really simplifies matters considerably when waves of thought will do as well as the electric telegraph.

[*The Curtain falls upon the Editor's very natural reflection.*]

TO THE SEA.

An Expostulation.

Oh, smooth and smiling! I have loved thee well!
Hymned thee, and heard thee; lived beneath
For years thy life-giving ozone have blessed,
That makes loose garments tighter round the chest.
Paced in the dark thy sounding mercer
And voiced my rapture in the boisterous night,
Striking the lurking coastguard with affright.

Now on my barque—ah, no! no barque be mine!
On the new packet of the Angler Line,
I learn, too late, when fairly out at sea,
How well they speak who speak not well of
Implacable, inscrutable Emirs
Mock not the captured foe of bloodstained years
As thou hast mock'd one who ne'er did thee wrong.

Save in the venial fault of unexpressive song.
Or canst thou this unmeasured vengeance take,
Remembering some childish duck-and-drake,
Forgotten long, and never done in spite?
How could it harm thy navy-rendering might,
Thou, whose huge waves in wanton effluence bang

Their heads against the rocks, in mid-air hang,
Up the sheer cliffs clamber with foamy claws,
And backward plunge again, with mad applause
Of all the turbulent, tumultuous press
That hurl themselves to spray in wantonness?
Prone, but unconquered, I have roll'd to leeward,

Soothed by the merciless mercy of the steward.
How can I stand when hardest steel and teak

Play a vertiginous game of hide-and-seek?
All is a-swing and dipping and a-roll.

Oh, vain material creed! Th' informing soul
Proves well its immateriality.

Defying thus the tortures of the sea,
That force all else to helpless surrender;

For aught but very Spirit would prefer
To seek at once the illimitable inane,

Than cognisant of anguish thus remain
The tenant of a desolated shrine,

A bare clay cabin, like this frame of mine.
Oh, rich saloons! Oh, rooms of wretched state!

The pomp and glory of you all I hate!
Ye fulsome diving daddos, would ye were

Extinct as your vocabular congener!
Place me where errant icebergs, anchored deep

By chains of frost, a darkling vigil keep,
Fixed in the pole's impenetrable wall.

Dead to the warmer ocean's roving call!
Far from this liquid way that heaves and rolls,

This world-long switchback, bounded by the poles,
This path of pain, whose undulations cease

Only in that palaeocystic peace!
Nay, what is this? How steady! Here we are!

Field breezes mingle with the oil and tar,
And with a shudder I behold anear

The solid weed-hung timbers of the pier.
Perfidious sea! I'll trust thee never more,

And mock thy fury safely from the shore.

TO HEBE.

(*See the Report of the Lady Commissioners on Women's Labour.*)

WAITRESS! with the dimpled chin,
Cup as clean as a new pin,
Here's a feather to put in!

For Miss OAME's report declares
That no male with you compares
In the showing off of wares.

Be it counter, be it bar,
You can "dress" it—you're its star,
Bright, and most particular!

Grievances you have, no doubt;
Which of us exists without?
Still, you do not pine or pout.

Standing with reluctant feet
Always ready, trim, and neat,
No one tells you—"Take a seat!"

Hours are long, and meal-time short,
Mashing bores, who think it "sport,"
Say the things they didn't ought!

Gather, then, the tips that fall;
Don't let vulgar chaff appal;
To the Bar you've had your "call"!

CON. FOR COMPETITIVE SPORTSMEN.—Q.
What is the most unpopular thing in the (sporting) world? A. A "record," because it is always being "cut," by everybody, everywhere, every day.

THE GREAT AFRICAN LION-TAMER.



["He fully admitted the difficulties of the Government and Sir HENRY LOCH. Both found themselves to be in a most exceptionally difficult position, created by those who had gone before them by granting in the wrong way the charter to the Company. He admitted that both Lord RIBON and Sir HENRY LOCH did their best in the circumstances for a long time to maintain peace; both urged that war should be avoided. . . . Mr. RHODES was Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and obviously Sir HENRY LOCH had an exceedingly difficult position in dealing as Prime Minister and as the head of the Company with that gentleman, to whom he could not say that he did

not quite believe him, and that he was forcing on the war."—Mr. Labouchere on the Chartered Company and Matabeleland.]

Lion-Tamer (grandly). Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen! See the great African live lion, Matabele—called Lo Ben for short—larger than (average) life, and thrice as natural as normal (menagerie) nature! Walk up! Walk up! Taming process just about to begin—

Agent of Menagerie Proprietor (sotto voce). Oh, well you know



TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

Sporting Farmer (who has been kind enough to give a mount to our friend 'Arry). "NOW THEN! THEY'RE AWAY. DON'T YOU SEE THEY'RE GONE!"

'Arry (who has been having a very bad time). "EH! GONE! AND NOT COMIN' BACK! WOT A BLESSIN'!"

—subject, of course, to—ahem!—every provision being made for—a—humanity—and—ahem—every precaution being taken against—a—needless risks, you know, and—a—obvious cruelty, you see—and—ahem!—all that sort of thing, don't you know.

Lion-Tamer (nettled). No, I don't know, dontcher know. And what's more I don't believe you know, dontcher know, nor your guv'nors neither, for that matter. What is your little game, anyhow?

Agent (with some assumption of dignity). We have no "little game." Little Game is not the word. Lions, I believe, are generally called "Big Game," by NIMRODS and others.

[*Sniggers as one who has scored.*]

Lion-Tamer (sardonically). NIMROD, indeed! Ah! a mighty hunter before the Lords you are, ain't you? You and your lot! Rural rabbits and parochial foxes are G—'s "Big Game," eh?

Agent. This is neither the time nor the place to argue that point. Your business is lion-taming; ours is menagerie-managing.

Lion-Tamer (scornfully). All right, my noble swell! Manage him!

[*Pointing to Lion, who is ramping and roaring.*]

Agent. Not at all, not at all! [*Spectators become impatient.*]

Lion-Tamer. Well, look here, do you want this lion tamed for you, or do you not?

Agent. Why, cert'n'ly! Subject of course to the assistance—ahem!—I should say supervision of LOCH and myself.

Lion-Tamer. Ah, "supervise" away as much as you please, only don't interfere with me. The old game! Stand by while I do the dangerous part of the business, hamper me as much as you can, and when, in spite of you all, I am successfully through, take the business—and the credit—over yourselves!

Agent (aside). Wonderful man, very. Wish I quite knew what to make of him. Lion-tamers, like fire, are excellent servants, but bad masters. All alike, all alike, CLIVE, WARREN HASTINGS, RAJAH BROOKE, JAMAICA EYRE, BARTLE FREERE, GORDON, all wonderful, and—in the end—very useful, but worrying, worrying!

Lion-Tamer (proceeding). Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen! All in to begin! See the big black-maned African lion, fresh from Mashonaland wilds; bigger than CHURCHILL ever chased or SKELOS slew, or VAN AMBURGH subdued, tamed in the twinkling of an assegai, conquered in the 'tas! or a Hotchkiss, by

the Great South African Lion-Tamer, RHODOROWDIDOW the Rumbistical.

Spectators. Hooray! Hooray!! Hoo-ray!!!

Agent (aside). How wonderfully popular these thrasonical wild-beast tamers and prancing proconsul sort of fellows are—with the gallery!

Lion-Tamer (to attendant). I say, just hand me the loaded whip, and—keep the poker hot, in case of emergency—

Agent (hurriedly). Oh, here, I say; that will never do, RHODOROWDIDOW!

Lion-Tamer (impatiently). What do you mean?

Agent. Why, you know, loaded bludgeons and red-hot pokers read too much like—*Cruelty to Animals!* What would LARRY and the Humanitarians say? You're none too popular already, you know, in certain quarters. Your masterful little ways and monetary success have put a good many backs up. We mustn't run any needless risks, RHODO. Wouldn't this little toy-whip and this big bottle of (medicated) rose-water do as well?

Lion-Tamer (scornfully). Was it with Rose-water that "John Company" tamed your Indian tiger for you?

YOU NEVER WROTE.

(*To Another Man's Fiancée.*)

You never wrote a single word, though I
Sent prompt congratulations in a note,
You gave my well-meant greetings the go-by—
You never wrote.

Do you remember when we took a boat,
And slowly drifted 'neath a summer sky?
Perhaps you don't. In fact, perhaps, you vote
Such memories a bore. You can't deny
That, politician-like, you turned your coat,
In fine, you jilted me. Is not that why
You never wrote?

Mrs. R. heard in Scotland that MONSON was always a bit of a scapegoat.

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE XIV.—The Study at Hornbeam Lodge.

TIME—Saturday night, about 11.30. MR. TOOVEY is alone.

Mr. Toovey (to himself). Oh the inestimable blessing of having nothing on one's mind again! How providential that I found LARRIES in! He was a little unsympathetic at first, to be sure; he would have it that I must have known all along what the Eldorado really was! but as soon as he saw how strongly I felt about it, he was most helpful. I could not have gone to that place this evening; how could I have met CORNELIA's eye after it? As it is, I can face her without— Surely she is later than usual from this Zenana meeting! (Wheels are heard outside.) A cab? I do hope nothing is the matter! Why, that sounds like—like a latch-key! Can it be—ah!—a dispute with the cabman—it must be CORNELIA!

(The front door bangs.)
A Voice (in earnest remonstrance through the keyhole). 'Ere, I say, you don't sneak off like that, you know! I knowed you was no good the minnit I clapped eyes on you! Are you going to gimme my legal fare or not? I ain't goin' till I git it. I want another shellin' orf o' you I do!

Mr. Toovey (to himself). Another shilling? Why, it's under a mile! He little knows my wife's principles if he expects—

The Voice. You orter be ashamed o' yourself! A lydy like you to tyke a man orf his rank at this toime o' noight, all the w'y from— (The front door is hastily unlocked again.) Thankee, mum, thankee; lor, I only want what's 'ay doo, and the distance 'ere from—

(The door shuts with a bang.)
Mr. Toovey. She's given him the extra shilling—she can't be well! I'm afraid she's really poorly. She's gone into the drawing-room, but there are no lights there. She'll be here directly.

(He sits up expectantly.)

Mrs. Toovey (to herself, in the hall). Just as I expected. THEOPHILUS not home yet! I shall sit up for him in the study. (She opens the study door, and starts.) So there you are, Pa! And pray when did you come in?

Mr. Toovey (mildly). Yes, my love, here I am; I've been in a long while, quite a long while.

Mrs. Toovey (to herself). And he imagines I believe that! (Aloud.) I understood you intended to spend the evening with CHARLES.

Mr. Toovey. So I did, my dear, so I did. I went to his rooms.

Mrs. Toovey. And you went out somewhere together, Pa? Come, you won't deny that!

Mr. Toovey (to himself). What a mercy I didn't go to that Eldorado! I should have had to tell her! (Aloud.) Why you see we— we didn't go anywhere. I found CHARLES was engaged to dine with a friend, so I went away again.

Mrs. Toovey (to herself). A very likely story! Where has THEOPHILUS learnt such brazen duplicity? (Aloud.) Oh! and then of course you came straight home?

Mr. Toovey. Why, no, my love; not immediately. I—I suddenly recollected that I had to see a friend on—a little matter of business which was—hem—somewhat pressing, so I went there first of all.

Mrs. Toovey (to herself, contemptuously). Exactly the excuse in all those horrid songs! (Aloud.) And the business kept you rather late, eh, Pa? Some business is apt to do so, I know!

Mr. Toovey (to himself). She makes me almost feel as if I'd gone after all! (Aloud.) I was a little late, my dear, not so very. I suppose I must have been home between eight and nine, and PHOEBE brought me up some nice cold mutton and the apple-tart, so I did very well, very well indeed.

Mrs. Toovey (to herself). If he is deceiving me, I can soon find out from the look of the joint and tart!

Mr. Toovey. By the way, my love, surely you are rather late this evening, are you not? It's nearly twelve!

Mrs. Toovey (to herself, with a start). Oh, but I will not fib unless he forces me to. (Aloud.) I—I was detained later than I expected.

Mr. Toovey. And you didn't expect to be back so very early either, for you took the latchkey, didn't you?

Mrs. Toovey. I happened to find it, Pa, and I thought I might as well use it—and why not?

Mr. Toovey. It was most thoughtful of you, my love, to think of saving PHOEBE. By the way, do you notice —? (He looks round him suspiciously.) Ah, well, it may be my fancy. And you had a successful meeting? were there many interesting speeches?

Mrs. Toovey (choking). As—as interesting as usual, THEOPHILUS! (To herself.) I'm sure that's true enough!

Mr. Toovey. And supper provided afterwards, I suppose? Which accounts for your being late. Dear—dear me!

(His face grows troubled again.)

Mrs. Toovey. Is there any reason why there shouldn't be supper afterwards, Pa?

Mr. Toovey. Not in that house. Our dear friends the CUMBERBATCHES do everything on such a truly hospitable scale. Now, most people in their position would have considered tea and coffee and sandwiches quite sufficient. Was it a hot supper, my love?

Mrs. Toovey (desperately). Yes—no—rather hot—I didn't notice. You ask such preposterous questions, THEOPHILUS!

Mr. Toovey. I didn't mean to. I was just a little surprised, do you know, at your taking a cab for such a short distance. I thought you might have felt unwell; but perhaps dear Mrs. CUMBERBATCH insisted—

Mrs. Toovey. Why, of course, Pa; you know how kind and considerate she is; otherwise I should never have dreamed of—

Mr. Toovey. Just what I thought, my love. But wasn't the cabman rather uncivil? I wonder you gave way to him—unless, of course, he was drunk.

Mrs. Toovey. He was—disgracefully drunk, Pa; if you heard so much, you must have noticed that; and how you could sit quietly here and never think of coming to my assistance! Ah, it is hardly for you to reproach me for submitting to his extortion!

Mr. Toovey. Indeed, my love, I'd no idea—you are generally so very firm with cabmen that— (Changing the subject.)

By-the-bye, I don't know if you noticed a note for you lying on the hall table? It must have come after you left. It looked to me wonderfully like dear Mrs. CUMBERBATCH's writing, but what could she have to write about when she would be seeing you directly? Did she allude to it at all?

Mrs. Toovey. From ELIZA CUMBERBATCH? No; at least, she—I'll go and get it. (She goes into the hall and finds the note.) Good gracious, it is ELIZA's hand! (She reads it hurriedly under the hall-lamp.) "Just a line. Zenana meeting postponed at last moment. Will let you know when another day fixed." Well, it will save me the trouble of writing to her; but, oh dear, the stories I've been telling Pa! But he's as bad—I know he's as bad!

Mr. Toovey (as Mrs. T. returns). So you found the note, CORNELIA, and what does Mrs. CUMBERBATCH say?

Mrs. Toovey (putting the note in the fire). It—it was only from— from my dressmaker. (To herself.) He drives me to this!

Mr. Toovey (again uneasy). Do you know, CORNELIA, I—I may be wrong, but I've a very strong suspicion that—

Mrs. Toovey (in terror). Pa, speak out! In—in the name of Heaven, what is it you suspect?

Mr. Toovey. It's getting stronger every moment. I'm sure of it. My love, there's a strange man downstairs in the kitchen!



"Mrs. Toovey suddenly sits down, scarlet."

Mrs. Toov. (with a gasp of relief). A man! Oh, this must be seen into at once! (She rings the bell furiously; presently PHOEBE appears, evidently only half-awake.) PHOEBE, what does this mean? I insist on the truth!

Phoebe. I'm very sorry m'm, but I'd no idea you was home, and I was sitting up for you downstairs, and I expect I must have dropped asleep, and never heard you come in.

Mrs. Toov. Don't attempt to deceive me! You are entertaining a man downstairs, contrary to all my orders. Yes, it's useless to deny it, your master has distinctly heard sounds.

Mr. Toov. No, my love, I can't exactly say as much as that—but—yes, every time the door opens it's more perceptible! (He sniffs.) Don't you observe yourself, my dear, a remarkably strong odour of tobacco-smoke? Now, as I never have been a smoker myself, it stands to reason that—

Phoebe (roused). I'm sure if you and master suspect me of concealing followers downstairs, you're welcome to search as much as you please! Cook's gone up to bed hours ago, and for a poor girl to be kept up to this time o' night, and then have her character took away—why, I'm not accustomed to such treatment, and, what's more, put up with it I won't!

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, guiltily). It's that filthy smoke at the Eldorado! (Aloud.) THEOPHILUS, how can you have such ridiculous fancies? Tobacco, indeed! I—I don't notice anything. PHOEBE, it was a mistake of your master's; I don't blame you in the least. There, you've sat up long enough, go to bed, go, girl!

Phoebe. Beggin' your pardon, m'm, but insinuations have been descended to which I can't pass over in a hurry, and before I go I should wish—

Mrs. Toov. (feverishly). I tell you it was all a mistake. Your master will apologise for it. Pa, say you're sorry!

Phoebe. I don't require no apologies from master, m'm. I can make allowances for him—more partickler as there's no mistake about there being a smell of tobacco-smoke. I don't wonder at anyone noticing it. It's your sending for me like this, and trying to shift the blame on the innocent, when all the time—

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). This is too intolerable! (Aloud.) Haven't I said I didn't blame you, you unreasonable girl! Let us have no more of this impertinence! Leave us!

Phoebe. I will, m'm, as soon as ever you can get snited, for, to tell you the truth, I don't like such goings on as these; and I'll take care I get a good character, too, or I'll know the reason why! (As she closes the door.) And I hope master will satisfy himself where the smell of tobacco really does come from, I'm sure; it isn't from downstairs! (She vanishes, leaving Mrs. T. petrified.)

Mr. Toov. You see, my love, it couldn't have been all my fancy, because PHOEBE noticed it too. Dear me, it's late; I'd better go and see that everything is looked up. (As he passes Mrs. T.) It's very extraordinary. Surely they don't allow any of the missionaries to smoke at these Zenana meetings, my love—do they?

Mrs. Toov. Of course they don't. I—I am at a loss to understand you, THEOPHILUS, and—and I am going to bed.

Mr. Toov. No, but really—Why, I see how it was! Depend upon it, my dear, that cabman must have been sitting inside the vehicle smoking, with the windows up, before you got in. Yes, yes; that accounts for everything.

Mrs. Toov. (faintly). Do you think so, THEOPHILUS? I—I remember noticing a smell of cigars.

Mr. Toov. (as he goes out). My poor dear love, what a trial for you; and you never complained! Now, when I see dear Mrs. CUMBERBATCH at church to-morrow, I must really caution her not to employ that cabman again—she may have taken his number, and he really ought to lose his licence—drunk, and smoking inside his cab! Oh, I shall tell her! (He goes out.)

Mrs. Toov. (alone). Pa shall not go to church to-morrow. I will take care of that, and by the time he sees ELIZA again he will have forgotten all about it. Is he doing all this to cover his own misdoings? I can't rest till I know! I will make CHARLES tell me on Monday. But what if Pa is blameless? No, he must have been doing something he oughtn't to. It would be too horrible if it turned out that I—I am the only person who has been (she catches her breath with a shudder) "hi-tiddle-ling," as those vulgar wretches would call it! There's only one comfort that I can see—nobody here is ever likely to know, unless I choose to betray myself. Oh dear! oh dear! I wish I could forget this awful evening!

(She ascends the stairs with a heavy and dispirited tread.)

END OF SCENE XIV.

AN INQUIRY.—Miss QUOTA writes to ask us "where the following well-known lines are to be found:—

"Eight hours to sleep, eight hours to food are given,
Eight hours to play, and all the rest to Heaven."

(We are not sure, but imagine that they are to be found in the works of "Anon." Anyhow, better send to Editor of "Notes and Queries," who knows everything.—ED.)



HUMAN NATURE REBELS!

POOR MR. WIGGLER HAS JUST BEEN DESCRIBED BY A FACETIOUS WITNESS OF THE LOWER ORDERS AS "THAT THERE B'OLD BLOKE WIV A CHOKER, AN' A CAULIFLOWER ON 'IS 'ED"!!!

TWO VIEWS OF VICTORY.

THE PAST.

THE Commander who had fought so bravely was tired out. He could go no farther. He had beaten back the stubborn foe, and there was nothing more for him to do. He waited with as much patience as he could muster the return of his messengers. In a short time he would learn whether the honour of his country had been preserved; whether his battle was a defeat or a victory.

"Will they never come?" he murmured. "Surely by this time they should have learned the truth?"

He had scarcely uttered these words when the scouts returned.

"General," cried the leader, "your campaign has been crowned with success! England is herself again! Your reward is assured!"

And it was. A week later he was made a K.C.B.

THE FUTURE.

The Commander who had contended with the stubborn foe with a spirit of stern determination was at length exhausted. He had put to flight the enemies who at every step had attempted to bar his progress. But now the affair was over, and there was little for him to do; so he was waiting as patiently as he could the return of those he had sent forward to represent him in the proper quarter. Before long he would receive the intelligence for which he hungered. He would be told whether all was right or all was wrong; whether his battle was a defeat or a victory.

"Will they never come?" he murmured. "Surely by this time they should have revealed the truth, and made the most of the opportunity."

He had scarcely uttered these words when the scouts came back.

"General," cried the leader, "your campaign has been crowned with success! Capel Court is itself again! The Stocks have gone up 15, and your success is assured!"

And it was. A week later and he found himself a millionaire!

MEM. FROM MATABELLELAND.—Most of the news from the Cape, if not true, is certainly *Lo Ben troato*.



EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

Shy Lady (trying to break the ice). "WHAT A SAD THING IT ALL IS ABOUT THIS WRETCHED COAL-STRIKE, ISN'T IT?"
Silent Gentleman (also shy). "ER—YES—ER—I ALMOST THINK THAT EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE SAID ON THAT SUBJECT—ER—ER—"
HAS BEEN SAID!" *(Conversation languishes after this.)*

"RULE, BRITANNIA!" (?)

"Her Majesty's Government are perfectly satisfied as to the adequacy and capacity of the British Navy to perform all the purposes for which it exists."—Mr. Gladstone, in House of Commons, November 7, 1893.

"Everybody knows, Liberals as well as Tories, that it is indispensable that we should have not only a powerful Navy, but I may say an all-powerful Navy."—Mr. Morley at Manchester, November 8, 1893.]

SINCE "Britain First!" is Fate's command,
 And History bids us sway the main,
 We feel this charter of our land.

All guardian statesmen must maintain.

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!

Out on the Chief who only shirks and saves!

The nations must not rival thee,
 Their fleets below our own must fall.
 Thou must, if thou 'dst be great and free,
 Still rise superior to them all!

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!

Such primacy e'en peaceful CORDEN craves.

Russia and France are now allies!—

Though funny, 'tis not all a joke.

As their rejoicings shake the skies,

Think how the great Free Trader spoke!

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!

Better that Hundred Millions than be slaves.

True, all thy statesmen say the same,
 MORLEY hands CORDEN's dictum down.

Yet Ins and Outs do play a game
 That hardly adds to thy renown.

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!

But Parties squabble and the Exchequer—saves!

If thou 'dst maintain thine ocean reign,
 And first in Commerce still would'st shine,
 The easy optimistic strain

And Pangloss pose must not be thine.

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!

But constant warding constant watching craves.

Devotion to the needs of home,

And claims parochial, is not all.

Beware, lest shades more darkling come,

With gloomier writings on the wall.

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!

Britons to careless trust should ne'er be slaves.

Say, Statesman, are those figures found

Full warrant for your picture bold?

Our watch the wave-washed world around

Needs iron hearts, and ungrudging gold.

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!

Britons—free-handed—never need be slaves!

Mrs. R. thinks the reason so many of the young men of the present day are bald is, because they don't use antimacassar oil as they did in her time.

MARCH IN NOVEMBER.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,"
 In verse some call thee wind.
 Though Thursday's crowd was thinned
 By blasts so unrefined,
 And men in armour, tinned
 Like lobsters, mutely pined—
 They, later, "wined" and "ginned,"
 Whilst guests superbly dined
 On turtle, fish (that's fanned),
 Joints, game of matchless kind,
 And wines, rare, old, long-binned.
 Blow clear, before, behind,
 The streets where lately dined
 The band—each man, defined,
 Of Vaterland the kind—
 And sightless singers whined
 Not much like JEMMY LIND;
 Would they were dumb, not blind!
 Whilst grinders grimly grinned,
 And ground their graceless grind.
 I swore; perhaps I sinned.
 But now they seem to find
 Their rage, just tied and pinned,
 Let in thy blast unkind,
 By which they're almost skinned.
 Then blow, I do not mind,
 Thou rough November wind—
 Pronounced by many, wind.

Seasonable.

WHEN garden lawns are a green bog,
 And shrubbery vistas veiled in fog,
 Reload revolvers, let dogs run!
 The Burglar Season has begun!



“RULE, BRITANNIA!” (?)

SHADE OF COBDEN (quoting from his own speech at Rochdale, June 26, 1861). “I AM NOT ONE TO ADVOCATE THE REDUCING OF OUR NAVY IN ANY DEGREE BELOW THAT PROPORTION TO THE FRENCH NAVY WHICH THE EXIGENCIES OF OUR SERVICE REQUIRE. WE HAVE A LEGITIMATE PRETENSION TO HAVE A LARGER NAVY THAN FRANCE. . . . IF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT SHOWED A SINISTER DESIGN TO INCREASE THEIR NAVY TO AN EQUALITY WITH OURS, I SHOULD VOTE A HUNDRED MILLIONS STERLING RATHER THAN ALLOW THAT NAVY TO BE INCREASED TO A LEVEL WITH OURS. . . . I HAVE SAID SO IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AND I REPEAT IT TO YOU.”



"REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS"

Reptiles and amphibians are the most common of the lower forms of life. They are found in all parts of the world, and are especially numerous in warm climates. They are of great interest to the student of natural history, and are also of importance to the physician in the study of diseases of the skin and the internal organs. The following are the most common of these animals in this country: the snake, the lizard, the frog, and the toad. Each of these animals has its own peculiar habits and characteristics, and it is the object of this paper to describe them as fully as possible. The first part of the paper will be devoted to a description of the snake, and the second part to a description of the lizard. The third part will be devoted to a description of the frog, and the fourth part to a description of the toad. The fifth part will be devoted to a description of the habits and characteristics of these animals, and the sixth part to a description of the diseases of the skin and the internal organs which they are capable of transmitting to man.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. FISHER UNWIN is, my Baronite writes, still engaged in the important work, some time ago undertaken by his house, of publishing *The Story of the Nations*. The last volume issued is the thirty-fifth, in which Mr. GREVILLE TREGARTHEN deals with the History of the Australian Commonwealth. Australasia is a mere cbit among the nations of the world, and story, God bless you, it has hardly any to tell. It has never been at war except with the aboriginal settlers, who were, at the outset, so lost to all proper feeling as to resent the incursion of the white man, occasionally carrying their prejudice to the absurd extent of eating him. But this is ancient history in a record which, beginning a little more than a hundred years ago with a convict settlement—it was on January 26, 1788, the British flag was for the first time unfurled in Sydney Bay—has already spread out lusty limbs over a vast Continent. *The Story of the Nations* forms a library of itself, and this last volume is not the least fascinating of the series.

The Baron, while greatly admiring and certainly grateful for the Diamond editions of all the best works, and Diamond editions should reproduce only those that can be classed among the "brilliant," of which two or three specimens at a time can be carried easily in the pocket of an ulster, begs to remind



CRUELLE ENIGME; OR, TWOS INTO ONE WON'T GO.

THE PROBLEM OF THE DAY:—HOW TO GET THIS YEAR'S SLEEVES INTO LAST YEAR'S JACKET.

Messrs. ROUTLEDGE, the republishers of DICKENS'S works in a very pocketable form, that much of our journeying is done by such gaslight as railway companies supply, and therefore, as this is not always of the most powerful kind, a book in small type, however clear the type may be, is unreadable. That is what the publishers have to consider. This excellent little pocket volume of, for example, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, is of no use to the Baron when once out of the pocket. True, the publishers may say "it is intended for the pocket only"; but if this be the case, then the pockets that would suffer would be those of the publishers, not those of the reading public. The Baron's hints are well worth consideration. For travelling, the publishers might provide and sell a small case containing the Diamond edition and a portable candle-lamp by which to read it. Only this would rather add to the expense, and with every volume one does not wish to be obliged to carry a candle-lamp. Therefore, bigger and clearer type. That's all. Try it, and if it does not succeed, blame the hitherto blameless

BARON DE B.-W.

Mrs. R. saw a heading in a newspaper. "*Board of Trade Returns.*" Whereupon she exclaimed, "Where's the Board of Trade been to? I suppose for a holiday, and we shall have to pay!"

THE BOGUS MANAGER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Is it an easy thing to become the manager of a theatre?
Answer. Why, certainly; you require no cash, and very little credit.

Q. Is it necessary that you should have any special training to enable you to appropriately fill so responsible a position?

A. No. If you are sufficiently impudent, you may in the past have been a betting-man, a crossing-sweeper, or an unqualified dentist.

Q. Will you have any difficulty in securing a theatre?

A. Not at all. You will always find someone willing to accept you as a lessee without making any inquiry as to your antecedents.

Q. Having obtained a theatre, what is your next step?

A. To get together a company. This is easily managed, as the dramatic trade-journals give every week a long list of actors and actresses who are "resting."

Q. What do you understand by such a word?

A. That the advertiser is much in need of an engagement, but is too proud to acknowledge it.

Q. Such a frame of mind is, I suppose, favourable to hurried and unconsidered engagements?

A. Quite so. It is an easy matter to get an entire company on excellent terms. Not that money is of any importance; for you may as well promise five pounds a week as five shillings, if you do not intend to pay.

Q. Having secured your company, what is the next step?

A. To make them rehearse three weeks or a month without a salary.

Q. I suppose you have no trouble about obtaining a piece on advantageous terms?

A. None whatever. If you are lucky you will get some conceited noodle to pay

you for producing his play; and if you are not so fortunate, why at least you will get a drama, comedy, or burlesque for nothing.

Q. Say that you are ready to begin, will you have any difficulty in obtaining the preliminary announcements?

A. No. For having been trusted by the proprietor of the theatre, the advertisement agents will follow suit, and you will obtain sufficient publicity to balance your requirements.

Q. And what will take place on and after the opening of the playhouse under your management?

A. You will get more or less ready money taken at the doors during five days of the week, with which you can safely decamp without paying anybody on or before the sixth.

Q. Will not your sudden departure cause some inconvenience to a large number of persons connected with the enterprise?

A. Assuredly. Many of the company you have engaged will starve, and the other parties to the proceedings will use strong language as they wipe off your liability as a bad debt.

Q. Is it possible that you will be made a bankrupt?

A. Not only possible, but probable.

Q. And will this end your theatrical career?

A. Why, of course not. All you will have to do is to take a little holiday.

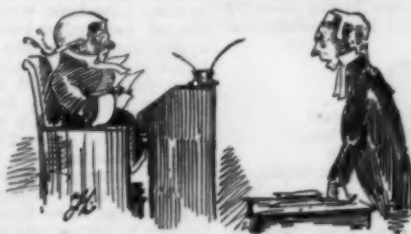
Q. And after the holiday, what next?

A. Why, then you can secure another theatre and repeat the proceedings with exactly similar results.

THE GINGHAM-GRABBER.

SOMEONE wrote, "Killing's no Murder." Nothing well could be absurder! But to many in our time Stealing (umbrellas) seems no crime. Therefore, to a frank plain dealer, Killing—an umbrella-stealer—Might be called—by Justice tried—Justifiable Snobicide!

NEWS FROM THE LAW COURTS.



Cold but In-vig-orating.



"CRAMMING."

Affectionate Uncle. "GLAD TO SEE YOU, RUPERT. NOW TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT. WHAT FORM ARE YOU IN, OLD BOY?"
Nephew (just returned from Harrow). "WELL, UNCLE, NOT SO BAD, I THINK. I CAN GENERALLY MANAGE A COUPLE OF EGGS, TWO SAUSAGES OR KIDNEY, SOME DUNDEE MARMALADE, AND TWO CUPS OF COFFEE FOR BREAKFAST. I ALWAYS HAVE A LITTLE LUNCHEON, ANY AMOUNT OF ROAST BEEF OR MUTTON FOR DINNER, AND I GENERALLY LOOK IN AT THE CONFECTIONER'S IN THE AFTERNOON, AND INVARIABLY WIND UP WITH A GOOD SUPPER. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?"

[Disappointed and misunderstood Uncle subsides, and thinks it best to make no comments.]

THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.

THE Lord Mayor's Show, I saw it from the Strand,
 I stood and waited there an hour or so,
 Till from afar there came with blare of band
 The Lord Mayor's Show.

In civic splendour and with footstep slow
 Passed the procession, glorious and grand!
 I liked the soldiers well enough, although
 The men from Deal looked quite at home on land.
 Yet I confess that when I came to go,
 I said that once a year's enough to stand
 The Lord Mayor's Show.

"THE BLACK ART" REVIVED!—"The best specimen of the Black Art," quoth the Baron de B. W., "that I have lately seen, is the republication of the works of the Wizard of the North, *alias* Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart., in a series of substantial library-shelve-ish volumes, printed in good clear type."

Q. E. D.

DON'T tell me of "room at the top!" It's a case,
 I'm sure, of "no thoroughfare." I'm at the base!
 Does that not suffice you? There only remains
 Some "room at the top" of your head, man, for brains.

A DICKENSIAN QUESTION.—At the date when *Martin Chuzzlewit* was written, what may fairly be assumed to have been the fashionable hour for dining?

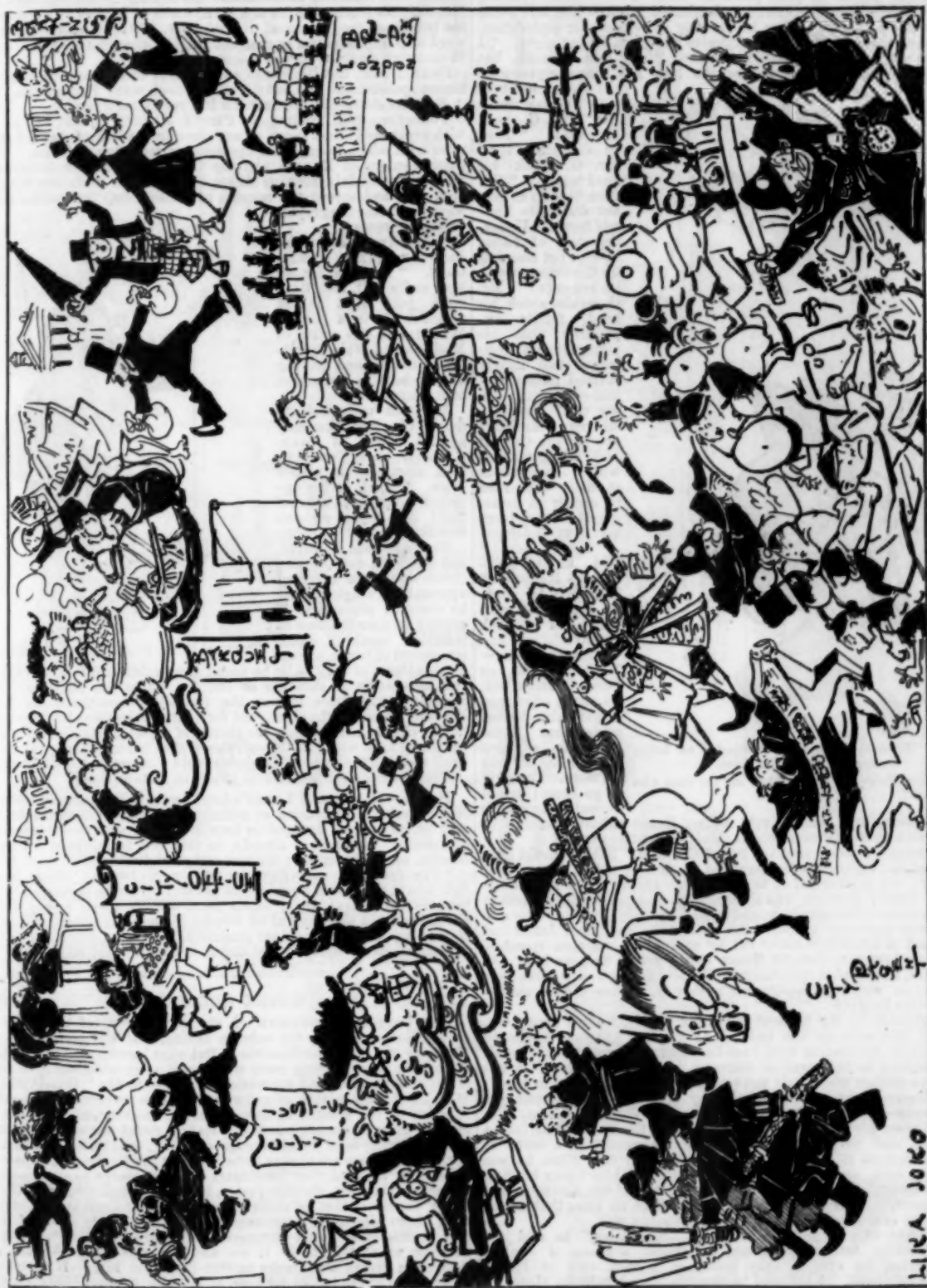
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, November 6.—PRINCE ARTHUR in fine form to-night; made one of those speeches that distinctly enhance Parliamentary reputation. Ticklish situation for Leader of Opposition in face of Parish Councils Bill. Won't do, with General Election within measurable distance, to declare plump against it; still less will it suit party to support one of principal measures of a Government whose successive steps, however devious, are all bent upon goal of Home Rule. For two nights men rising from Opposition benches have endeavoured to wriggle through this difficulty; been more or less unsuccessful; PRINCE ARTHUR, with sure aim and light touch, does and says exactly right thing.

By all means let HODGE have a voice in direction of his own affairs; his best friend, the party who spent themselves in his behalf in Corn-Law days, who acted in his best interests whenever question of political enfranchisement or his relations to parson and squire cropped up—the great Tory party would be the very last to slacken effort for his prosperity. So anxious are they on the score, they would not imperil opportunity by throwing out this Bill on the Second Reading. But PRINCE ARTHUR showed, in little asides, that this particular measure is badly conceived, not nearly so good as what would have befallen HODGE had a Unionist Ministry been in office. For an hour the PRINCE spoke, displaying perfect mastery of the subject, managing, without assuming a hostile attitude, to bestow upon the measure some damaging blows.

First time since House met Mr. G. began to show that keen interest in proceedings which he seemed to have reserved for Home Rule Bill. Sat listening intently with hand to ear as PRINCE ARTHUR



LIKA JOKE'S JOTTINGS.—No. 4. SCENES IN THE CITY.

gracefully glided on from point to point. Pretty little sparring match when PRINCE ARTHUR endeavoured to draw him into doing something damaging, either in the way of reticence or declaration, touching GEORGE RUSSELL's explosive speech on Friday night. "I would not," observed PRINCE ARTHUR, "have said so much, but I presume that in this matter the hon. gentleman represented



T. H. Napoleon Boltonparty "objected to ladies being Justices of the Peace."

Justice Herself. "Aha! Show me the man who said that!"

one o'clock, and take private Bills. House aghast. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD discreetly says he will think the matter over.

Tuesday.—Another night on Parish Councils. Debate should have finished last night; finally arranged to close it before dinner hour to-day; but it dribbled on to midnight. As there was an hour to spare, TOMMY BOWLES, who since Session resumed has been silent in six languages, thought he might as well say a few words. Romped in at half-past ten; awkward this; about the hour when JOKIM had intended to lift debate out of rut by one of his luminous speeches. THOMAS, however, thought House would prefer to hear him. At any rate, he provided opportunity. When at length JOKIM spoke upon subject on which he is supreme authority, House almost empty, altogether languid.

Brightened up for moment at SQUIRE OF MALWOOD's happy wit. JOKIM, following on line trekked by PRINCE ARTHUR, suggested that half of Bill dealing with Poor Law matters should be abandoned. "According to judgment of SOLOMON," said the SQUIRE, "it was the true mother who would not consent to divide her child in two."

A dreary night made endurable by incursion of KNATCHBULL-HUGGESS—HERBERT THOMAS, of Faversham division of Kent. For many years his brother sat in House till he finally wobbled into a peerage, and, as ROSEBERRY said, wore his coronet as a crown of thorns because it had been given him by Mr. G. When he was with us here, and one turned to Dad to find him under heading "HUGGESS," there was discovered instruction "See KNATCHBULL-HUGGESS." This was explained at the time on score that no one from day to day exactly knew where HUGGESS was.

Different with his younger brother. "Sometimes," he said just now, looking sorrowfully round the House, a gleam of comfort brightening his eyes as they rested on a back view of JIMMY LOWTHER's head, "I believe I'm the only Tory left in the House."

To-night up and smote Parish Councils Bill in uncompromising

the Government of which he is a member." Mr. G. shook his head. "Then he disclaims it?" Mr. G. shook his head again. "Oh, then, though he does not dissociate himself from the Under-Secretary of India, he does not associate the Government with his remarks?" Mr. G. again shook his head, finally explaining that his young friend and colleague had merely revived former custom—existing "in my early days"—whereby Ministers not in the Cabinet and not connected with department specially concerned in matter at issue, might enter at large into general debate.

"Here, here!" said ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (Knight), for once in agreement with the views of Arch Enemy.

Business done.—More debate on Parish Councils Bill. As usual, adjourned at midnight. Motion made that House forthwith adjourn. OLIVER ROLLIT asks for more. Too early to go home; might as well sit up till

speech. No truckling to Socialism. No bowing the knee to the Bael Hodge. No leaning on the arm of Rimmon as he goes to worship in the temple of the Compound Householder. The Bill another downward step on the pathway dug out for the chariot of Free Trade; the country going to dogs at accelerated pace.

Small House, but it listened with delight to the most thoroughly honest speech heard from any bench through many Parliaments.

Business done.—Parish Councils Bill read second time.

Thursday.—Still smiling at PRINCE ARTHUR's joke; led up to with great skill; last touch of art given in the look of startled surprise with which he regarded uproariously laughing audience. Was passing eulogy on RHODES and the Chartered Company, forasmuch as, whilst certainly mowing down the Matabele with the Maxim gun, they had spread the benefits of civilisation, "extending railways, extending telegraphs, extending roads."

"Exactly," said the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. "I spoke for an hour and a half, and BALFOUR puts what I had meant to say in a phrase. What is all this action in Mashonaland, this spending of money, and making of war, but the Extension of RHODES?"

MAQUIRE undertook to defend Chartered Company against attack of SAGE. "Terrible work, Tony," he said, mopping his heated brow. "Much rather approach LOBBENGULA's kraal itself than stand up and face the House."

Had to be done, however, and MAQUIRE not the man to run away from anything approaching a fight. Still he observed precaution of getting as near the door as possible, speaking from remote end of bench, almost

outside limits of bar. Also he found some subtle comfort, strength, and consolation in standing on one leg whilst he addressed the Speaker. Sometimes it was the right leg, sometimes the left. Whether on one or the other—not for a moment on two—he described to the charmed House how the cherished object of Mr. RHODES, the one desire upon which all the energies of the Chartered Company were bent, was that the men of Matabele should "marry and settle down."

Business done.—Discussion of affairs in Matabeleland. Friday.—Debate on M'LAREN's Amendment to Employers' Liability Bill brought to conclusion at midnight. Thought it would be all over before dinner; dragged on hour after hour with ever deepening depression. Seems as if already, in this first fortnight of Autumn Session, energy's sapped; dulness certainly dominant.

"The fact is," said THE SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, "there is no fight about the House now JOSEPH is awa'. Hear he is coming back towards end of next week, balmy from the Bahamas, breezy from the Atlantic. I shouldn't at all wonder if, upon his arrival, a genial change was wrought in things generally."

Business done.—Government defeat averted by majority of 19.

QUEER QUERIES.

THE LONDON PROGRAMME.—I entirely approve of the spirited protest lately made by the cabmen against that vile instrument of Monopoly, the "Station Omnibus." But what I want to ask is whether there is no plan of doing away with a still more nefarious specimen of capitalistic greed and oppression—I allude to the "Out-Porter." Why should this minion of railway tyrants be permitted to take the beer out of the mouths of honest English working-men? I and a number of my pals are constantly loafing round the station in our suburb waiting for a job of luggage-carrying, or if we aren't exactly at the station, we are always to be found at the Public just opposite. Will it be believed that passengers actually prefer to engage this avaricious blackleg, the Out-Porter, instead of employing us? Their paltry excuse is that he charges less than we do and is more civil. That shows him to be a contemptible blackleg! Only a serf of our present miserable social arrangements is ever civil to anybody. Call him an Out-Porter! If me and my pals catch him one of these dark nights we'll make an Out-Patient of him! Is the mere convenience of the public for ever to override the legitimate claims of the deserving unemployed?—CORNER BOY.



The Clark of the House causing a Division.

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"Three Star"
Brandy.
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HAMPAGNE.
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66/- per doz. **No. 1** 66/- per doz.

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VERY OLD LIQUEUR 140s.
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NEAVE'S FOOD For INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS, & THE AGED.
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Gold Medals, Paris, 1878: 1889.
JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
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Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis,
Laryngitis, Hoarseness,
Catarrh, Asthma, &c., &c.
Their EFFECT is INSTANTANEOUS.
NO NARCOTIC INGREDIENTS.

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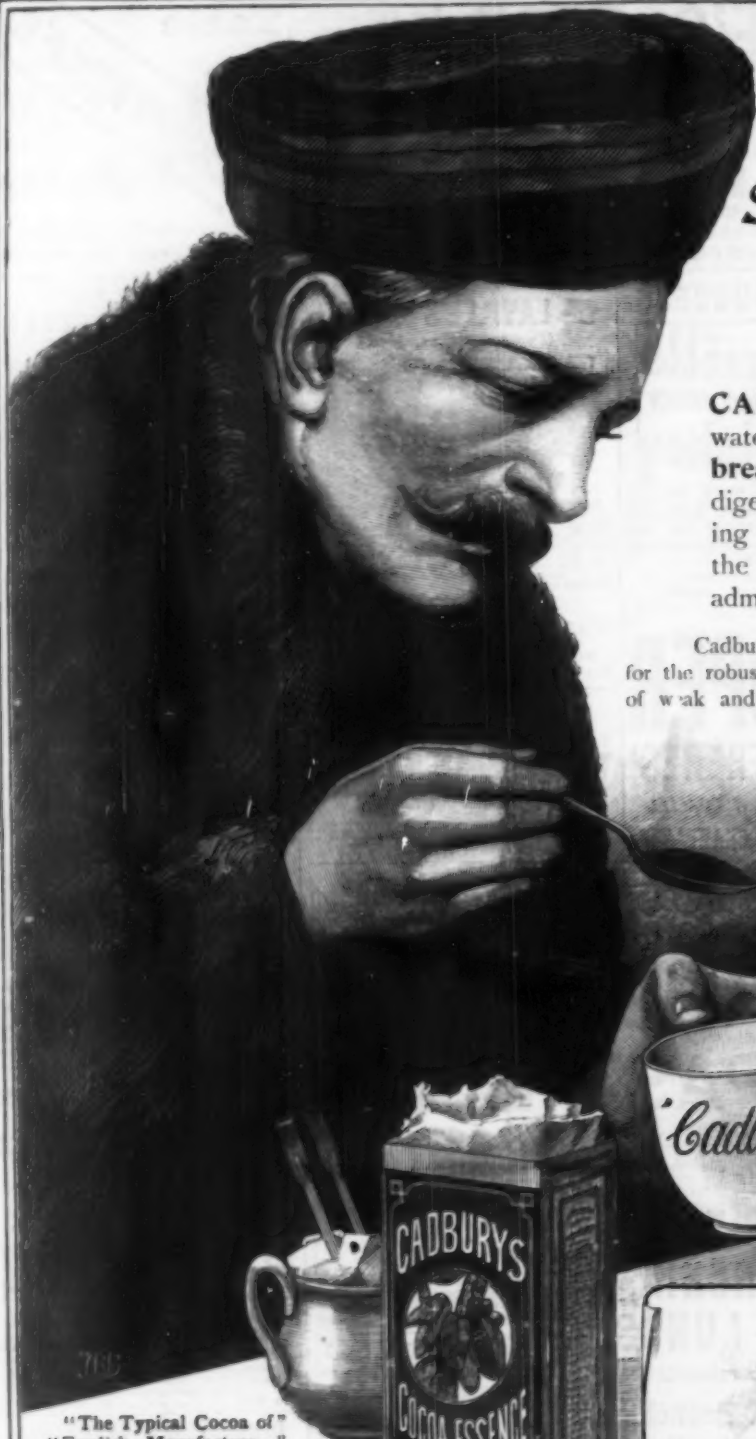
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